Prin. What ſaiſt thou, miſtris quickly? how doeth thy husband? *I* loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, heare me.

Falſ. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou, Iacke?

Falſ. The other night, *I* fell aſleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt: this houſe is turn'd baudy houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, Iacke?

Fal. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of fortie pound a piece, and a ſeale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penie matter.

Hoſt. So *I* told him, my Lord, and *I* ſaid, *I* heard your grace ſay ſo: & my lord, he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Falſ. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued prune, nor no more trueth in thee, then in a drawen foxe, and for womanhood, maid marioñ may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Falſ. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſ. *I* am nothing to thanke God on, *I* would thou ſhould'ſt know it, I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſ. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Falſ. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

Prince. An Otter, ſir Iohn? why an Otter?

Falſ. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſ. Thou art an vniuſt man, in ſaying ſo, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayſt true, Hoſteſſe, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſſely.

Hoſ. So he doeth you, my Lord, and ſayd this other day, You ought

ought him a thouſand pound.

Prin. Sirra, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſ. A thouſand pound, Hal? a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſ. Nay, my Lord, he cald you Iacke, and ſaide hee would cudgel you.

Falſ. Did I, Bardol?

Bar. Indeed, ſir Iohn, you ſayd ſo.

Falſ. Yea, if he ſaid my ring was copper.

Pri. *I* ſay t'is copper: dareſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Falſ. Why, Hal? Thou knoweſt as thou art but man *I* dare but as thou art prince, *I* feare thee as *I* feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The king himſelfe is to be feared as the Lion: doeſt thou thinke ile feare thee, as *I* feare thy father? nay, and *I* doe, *I* pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, howe would'e thy guts fall about thy knees? but ſirra, there's no roome for faith, trueth, nor honeſty in this boſome of thine. It is all fil'd vp with guttes, and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of baudy houſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe, *I* am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it, you wil not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? thou knoweſt in the ſtate of innocencie Adam fell, & what ſhould poore Iacke Falſtalfe do in the dayes of villanie? thou ſeeſt *I* haue more fleſh then another man, & therfore more frailty. You confeſſe thē you pickt my pocket?

Prin. It appeares ſo, by the ſtorie.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, *I* forgiue thee, goe make ready breakfaſt, loue thy husband, looke to thy ſeruantes, cheriſh thy gheſts, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt *I* am pacified ſtill: nay, prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.* Now, Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that anſwered?